The Dead-Man's SONG.

Who lived near *Baſing-Hall*, in the City of *London*.

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame*.

SO ſick, dear Friends, long time I was,
And weakly laid in Bed.
And for five Hours in all Mens ſight,
At length I lay as dead.
The Bell rung out, my Friends came in,
And I Key-cold was found.
Then was my Carcaſs brought from Bed,
And laid upon the Ground.
My loving Wife did weep full ſore,
My Children loud did cry:
My Friends did mourn, yet this they ſaid,
All Fleſh is born to die.
My Winding-ſheet prepared was,
My Grave was almoſt made:
And for five Hours in all Mens Sght
In this ſame Caſe I laid.
In which time my Soul did ſee
Such ſtrange and fearful Sights,
That for to hear the ſame diſclos'd,
Would baniſh all Delights.
Yet ſince the Lord reſtor d my Life,
Which from my Body fled:
I will declare the Sights I ſaw,
In the time I was dead.
Methoughts upon a pleaſant Green
Where lovely Flowers ſprung,
I took my way, whereas I thought
The Muſes ſweetly ſung.
The graſs was ſweet, the trees were fair
And lovely to behold:
And full of Fruit was every twig,
Which ſhin'd like gliſtering Gold
My chearful Heart deſired much,
To taſte the Fruit ſo fair:
But as I reach'd, a tall young Man
Did nigh to me repair.
Said he, touch not, 'tis none of thine,
But wonder and walk with me:
And ſee thou mark each ſeveral thing
As I ſhall ſhew to thee.
I wonder'd greatly at his Words,
Yet went with him away,
Until on a gallant goodly Bank
He bid me with him ſtay.
With Branches then of Lillies white,
Mine Eyes there wiped he;
When this was done, he bid me look
What I far off could ſee.
I looked up, and lo! at laſt
I did a City ſee:
So fair a thing did never Man
Behold with Mortal Eye.
Of diamonds, pearls and precious ſtones
It ſeems the walls were made:
The houſes all with beaten Gold
Were til'd and overlaid.
Far brighter than the Morning Sun
The Light thereof did ſhow.
And every Creature in the ſame
Like crowned Kings did go.
The Fields about the City fair
Were all with Roſes ſet:
Gi liflowers and Carnations ſweet,
Whom Canker could not fret.
And from the Fields there did proceed
A ſweet and pleaſant Smell,
That ever living Creature felt.
The Sight did ſo excel
Beſides ſuch ſweet and pleaſant Mirth
Did from the City ſound;
That I therewith was raviſhed,
My Joy did ſo abound.
With Muſick, Mirth and Melody
Princes did there embrace:
But in my Heart I long'd to be
Within that bleſſed Place.
The more I gaz d, the more I might,
The Sight pleas'd me ſo well;
For what I ſaw in every thing,
My tongue can never tell.
Then of the Man I did demand
What Place that ſame might be,
Whereat ſo many Kings did dwell
In Joy and Melody.

Roadside

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Roadside

Quoth he, that bleſſed Place is Heaven,
Where yet thou can'ſt not reſt:
And thoſe that do like Princes go,
Are thoſe whom God hath bleſt.
Then did he turn me round about,
And on the other Side,
He bid me view and mark as much
What thinks were to be 'ſpy'd.
With that I ſaw a Cole-black Den,
All tann'd with Soot and Smoak:
Where ſtinking Brimſtone burning was,
Which made me like to choak.
An ugly Creature then I ſaw,
Whoſe Face with Knives was ſlaſh'd,
And in a Cauldron of Poiſon Filth
His ugly Corps was waſh'd.
About his Neck were ſundry Ruffs,
That flam'd on every Side.
I ask'd, and then the Young-man ſaid,
That he was damn'd for Pride.
Another Sort there did I ſee
Whoſe Bowels Vipers tore.
And grievouſly with gaping Mouths,
They did both yell and roar.
A ſpotted Perſon by each one
Stood gnawing on their Hearts.
And this was Conſcience I was told
Which plagu'd their inward Parts.
They were no ſooner out of Sight,
But ſtrait came in their Place:
A Sort ſtill throwing burning Fire,
Which fell againſt their Face.
And Ladles full of melted Gold
Were poured down their throats.
And theſe were ſet it ſeem'd to me
I'th' midſt of burning Boats.
The foremoſt of the Company
Was *Judas* I am told;
Who had for filthy Lucre-ſake
His Lord and Maſter ſold.
For Covetouſneſs he was condemn'd
So it was told to me;
And there methought another Rout
Of Hell Hounds I did ſee.
Their Faces ſeemed fat in Sight,
Yet all their Bones were bare,
And Diſhes full of crawling Toads
Were made their fineſt Fare.
From Arms, and Hands, from Thighs and Feet,
With red-hot Pinchers then
The Fleſh was plucked from the Bone
Of theſe vile glutt'nous Men,
On Cole-black Beds another ſort
In grievous ſort did lie.
And underneath them burning Brands
Their Fleſh to ſcorch and fry:
With Brimſtone fierce their Pillows eke
Whereon their Heads were laid,
And Fiends with glowing whips of Fire,
Their letcherous Fleſh off flay'd.
Then did I ſee another come,
Stabbed with Daggers thick.
And filthy Fiends with fiery Darts
Their Hearts did wound and prick.
And mighty Bowls of corrupt Blood
Was brought for them to drink:
And theſe Men were for Murder plagu'd,
From which they could not ſhrink.
I ſaw when they were gone aſtray,
The Swearer and the Lyar:
And they were hung up by the tongue
Over a flaming Fire.
From Eyes and Ears, Navel and Noſe
And from the lower Parts;
The Blood methought did guſhing run,
And clogged like Mens Hearts.
I asked why that Puniſhment
Was now on Swearers laid:
Becauſe, quoth he, wounds, heartand blood
Were all the Oaths they made.
And therewithal from ugly Hell
Such grievous Cries I heard;
As tho' ſome mighty Grief and Care
Had vex'd them afterward.
So that my Soul was ſore afraid,
Such terror on me fell,
Away then went this young Man quite,
And bid me not farewel.
Wherefore unto my Body ſtrait
My Spirit turn'd again,
And lively Blood did afterwards
Stretch forth in every Vein.
My cloſed Eyes I open d,
And raiſed from my Swoon,
I wonder'd much to ſee myſelf
So laid upon the Ground.
Which when my Neighbours did behold,
Great Fears upon them fell.
To whom ſoon after I did tell
The News from Heaven and Hell.